

# The Weekly Museum.

VOL. V.]

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[NUMBER 212.]

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*The Remarkable History of NICOLAS PEDROSA, and his Escape from the Inquisition in Madrid.*

NICOLAS PEDROSA, a busy little being, who followed the trades of shaver, surgeon and midwife in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his shop in the Plazuela de los Affligidos, and pushed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral, upon a pressing occasion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain in certain cases do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain description, and no body knew it better than Nicolas, who was resolved not to lose an inch of his way, nor of the mule's best speed by the way, if cudgelling could beat it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction as plain could be, that his road laid straight forward to the little convent in front: the mule was of opinion, that turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads most familiar and agreeable to herself, and accordingly began to dispute the point of topography with Nicolas by fixing her fore feet resolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the same time between them, and launching heels and cropper furiously into the air, in the way of argument. Little Pedrosa, who was armed at heel with one massy silver spur of stout, tho' ancient, workmanship, resolutely applied the rusty rowel to the shoulder of his beast, driving it with all the goodwill in the world to the very butt, and at the same time, adroitly tucking his blue cloth cape under his right arm, and flinging the skirt over the left shoulder en cavalier, began to lay about him with a stout ashen sapling upon the ears, pole and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flashed from a pair of Andalusian eyes, as black as charcoal and not less inflammable, and taking the segara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to regale his nostrils in a sharp winter's evening by the way, raised such a thundering troop of angels, saints and martyrs, from St Michael downwards, not forgetting his own namesake St. Nicolas de Tolentio by the way, that if curses could have made the mule to go, the dispute would have been soon ended, but not a faint could make her stir any otherways than upwards and downwards at a stand. A small troop of mendicant friars were at this moment conducting the host to a dying man. "Nicolas Pedrosa," says an old friar, "be patient with your beast and spare your blasphemies; remember Balaam." "Ah father," replied Pedrosa, "Balaam cudgelled his beast till he spoke, so will I mine till the roars." "Pie, fie, prophane fellow," cries another of his fraternity. "Go about your work, friend," quoth Nicolas, "and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the more pressing of the two; your patient is going out of the world, mine is coming in it." "Hear him," cries a third, "hear the wild wretch, how he blasphemes the body of God." And then the troop passed slowly on to the tinkling of the bell.

A man must know nothing of a mule's ears, who does not know what a passion they have for the tinkling of a bell, and no sooner had the jing-

ling chords vibrated in the sympathetic organs of Pedrosa's beast, than bolting forward with a sudden spring the ran roaring in the throng of friars, trampling on some and shouldering others at a most prophane rate; when Nicolas availing himself of the impetus, and perhaps not able to controul it, broke away and was out of sight in a moment. "All the devils in hell blow fire into thy tail, thou beast of Babylon," muttered Nicolas to himself, as he scampered along, never once looking behind him or stopping to apologize for the mischief he had done to the bare feet and shirrets ribs of the holy brotherhood.

Whether Nicolas saved his distance, as likewise, if he did, whether it was a male or female Castilian he uttered into the world, we shall not just now enquire, contented to await his return in the first of the morning next day, when he had no sooner dismounted at his shop and delivered his mule to a sturdy Arragoneze wench, than Don Ignacio de Santos Aparicio, Alguazil Mayor of the supreme and general inquisition, put an order into his hand, signed and sealed by the inquisitor general, for the conveyance of his body to the Casa, whose formidable door presents itself in the street adjoining to the square, in which Nicolas's brazen basin hung forth the emblem of his trade.

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint and with a face as yellow as saffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and crossed himself most devoutly; as soon as he ascended the first flight of stairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barricade, and Nicolas with horror heard the gratings of the heavy bolts that shut him in. He was led thro passages, and vaults, and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his solitary meditations. Hapless being! what a scene of horror.—Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andalusian, and like his countrymen of a lively imagination, he began to turn over all the resources of his invention for some happy fetch, if any such might occur, for helping him out of the dismal limbo he was in: He was not long to seek for the cause of his misfortune; his adventure with the barefooted friars was a ready solution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any: there was however another thing, which might have troubled a flouter heart than Nicolas's—he was a Jew.—This of a certain would have been a staggering item in a poor devils confession, but then it was a secret to all the world but Nicolas, and Nicolas's conscience did not just then urge him to reveal it: he now began to overhaul the inventory of his personals about him, and with some satisfaction counted three little medals of the blessed virgin, two Agnus Deis, a St. Nicolas de Tolentino, and a formidable string of beads all pendant from his neck and within his shirt; in his pockets he had a paper of dried figs a small bundle of segaras, a case of lancets, iquirt and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; these he had delivered one by one to the Alguazil, who first arrested him.—"and let him make the most of them," said he to himself, "they can never prove

me an Israelite by a case of razors."—Upon a closer rummage however he discovered in a secret pocket a letter which the Alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leonora de Cafafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed—"Well, well," cried he, let it pass; there can be no mystery in this harmless scrawl; a letter of advice to some friend or relation, I'll not break the seal let the fathers read it, if they like; it will prove the truth of my deposition, and help out my excuse for the hurry of my errand, and the unfortunate adventure of my refractory mule."—And now no sooner had the recollection of the wayward mule crossed the brain of poor Nicolas Pedrosa, than he began to blurt her at a furious rate—"The scratches and the scab to foot confound thy scurvy hide," quoth he, "thou art begotten baitard, whom Noah never let into his ark! the vengeance take thee for an uncreated barren beast of promiscuous generation! What devil's crotchet got into thy capricious noddle, that thou shouldst fall in love with that Nazarite's bell, and run bellowing like Lucifer into the midst of those barefooted vermin, who are more malicious and more greedy than the locusts of Egypt! Oh! that I had the art of Simon Magus to conjure thee into this dungeon in my stead; but I warrant thou art chewing thy barley straw without any pity for thy wretched master, whom thy Jude's tricks have delivered bodily to the tormentors, to be sport of these uncircumcised sons of Dagon." And now the cell door opened, when a savage figure entered carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedrosa, telling him with a truly diabolic grin, while he was rivetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of a blasphemer.—"Jes Maria" quoth Pedrosa, "is all this fallen upon me for only cudgelling a rellive mule?" "Aye," cried the demon, "and this is only a taste of what is to come," at the same time slipping his pincere from the screw he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of flesh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nicolas, while he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a just reward for the torture he had put him to awhile ago, when he tugged at a tooth, till he broke it in his jaw. "Ah! for the love of heaven," cried Pedrosa, "have more pity on me; for the sake of St. Nicolas de Tolentino, my holy patron, be not so unmerciful to a poor barber surgeon, and I will shave your worship's beard for nothing as long as I have life." One of the messengers of the auditory now came in, and bade the fellow strike of the prisoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and demanded him for examination. "This is something extraordinary," quoth the tormentor, "I should not have expected it this twelvemonth to come." Pedrosa's fetters were struck off; some brandy was applied to staunch the bleeding of his cheek; his hands and face were washed, and a short jacket of coarse ticking thrown over him, and the messenger with an assistant taking him each under an arm led him into a spacious chamber, where at the head of a long table sat his excellency the inquisitor gene-

ral with six of his assessors, three on each side the chair of state: the Alguazil Mayor, a secretary and two notaries with other officers of the holy council were attending in their places.

[To be continued.]

#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

##### MARRIAGE

**I**S the subject of my story—I do not know what you and other men think of this life; but as to my single self I would rather die, than marry such a man as Richard B——, with all his fortune. I was born as free as Cæsar, and with him have an equal right in nature. Nurtured on the lap of Fondness, and cherished with paternal care, the soil in which I grew, was rich and highly cultured. I flourished like a well watered plant, rose high, shot deep, and bid fair to be a flourishing branch among the neighbouring trees. My heart impelled with virtuous sentiments, and formed for love, left me to seek those scenes, in which true sympathy delights to dwell, I found them oft, and oft alleviation gave: My soul's delight was to sooth the sorrowing heart, and give relief to woe! All this I did with joy and gratitude to Heaven; my breast no sorry knew; all nature smiled around; my heart was gay and good, free from art and guile, continued smiling and espousing Virtue's cause. Many oft my hand solicited, and was as unsolicited. At length compelled by hard Necessity's supreme command, I one received—he with a fortune came, with flowery speech and aspect gay. My heart recoiled—how could I marry one I did not love? Heaven had not withdrawn his store of bounty, what cause had I to make to great a sacrifice? My friends contented not with what they had, still wished for more; and I, to make them happy, gave consent. One eve as I beheld the setting Sun, my heart overflowed with grief, to think how soon my *sun of youth must fit to rise no more*. I prayed to Heaven to give my soul one moment's pause; the cloud dispersed, and I with calm composure, extended forth my hand, and from the floor a paper took, on which I saw young Z's kind address. My heart its influence felt—I wrote—I wept—and wrote again—to him my tale of woe I told, as though he was my friend. An answer came with tenderness replete; I felt its force, and firmly bid adieu to Richard and his fortune. My friends chagrined at what I had done, refused a placid smile to cheer my drooping spirits; therefore I am left alone a prey to unrelenting sorrow. If Z. acts but well his part, (which I have no doubt he will) my heart would soon obtain relief, and all its fondness be on him bestowed.

Then farewell friends, relations, all adieu!

I'll smile in Fortune's spite, and even laugh at you. JULIAN.

P. S. It must be a melancholy reflection to a feeling mind when it considers the painful situation of some of our ladies in this city, who were compelled, as it were, to marry men of fortune, to keep up family dignity and pride. Regardless of those powers of the mind, which can't exist without those sources, which brought them first in action, which were companions of cultivated understandings, refined tastes, possessed of minds replete with such sentiments as cannot fail in diffusing happiness, and exciting love. What must the situation of a woman be, possess of the above qualifications? Connected with a man destitute of them, that can boast of no other recommendation but a fine carriage and splendid fortune, which he perhaps is deprived of by some unforeseen failure of the speculators. What anguish at such a period rends the bosom of both parties! The husband if denied the consoling tear which sympathetic tenderness ought to give, that sweet alleviation of

the sorrowing heart which souls united can't refuse. (they are strangers to) All source of joy is fled, and nought remains but discord and unkind upbraidings; and those relations who have exerted their influence in promoting such connections, must expect to share a part of the husband's indifference. Let parents endeavour to furnish the minds of their children with honorable and virtuous sentiments, and Nature will not be wanting in her part in directing them to a judicious choice. Love is not a voluntary passion, but an instinctive tendency, which attracts congenial souls, and brings them into union.

May 18.

JULIAN.

#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison,

By giving the following Extracts a place in your entertaining Museum, you will much oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

##### DEFINITION of a BEAU.

**A** Beau is every thing of a woman but the sex, and nothing of a man beside it.

FIELDING.

##### BEAUTY.

"It requires but little acquaintance with the heart, to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome; and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her Beauty."

JOHNSON.

##### AFFECTATION.

"Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because, knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavour to supply them with artificial excellence."

IBID.

##### CHLOE'S CHOICE of a HUSBAND.

**T**HE beau with his delicate womanish face, Whose merit all lies in a feather and lace; The proud, the immoral, the coward, the vain, May sue for my love, but shall meet my disdain.

The dunce I detest and whose wit is severe, I sicken whenever a Sycophant's near; The brute that's ill-manner'd disorders me much, And I'll die an old maid, e'er I'll couple with such.

But he in whom sense and politeness are join'd; Whose study has been to embellish his mind; Whose pleasure ne'er injure his health or his purse, Is fit to be taken for better, for worse.

Whose wit has no gall, and whose tongue no deceit, Whose nature is noble, and conduct discreet; Ne'er knew any fear, but to hurt or offend, If he questions my heart he will find it his friend.

#### AN E C D O T E.

**A** Common sailor, who scrambled singly over the wall of the fortress at Omea, on the Bay of Honduras, at an attack made by Captain Dalrymple, had, for the better annoyance on all sides of the enemy, armed himself with a cutlass in each hand: Thus equipped he fell in with a Spanish officer just roused from sleep; and who, in the hurry and confusion, had forgotten his sword.—This circumstance restrained the fury of the seaman, who disdaining an unarmed foe, but unwilling to relinquish so happy an opportunity of displaying his courage in single combat, presented one of the cutlasses to him, telling him "he scorned any advantage; you are now, said he, on a footing with me." The astonishment of the officer at such an act of generosity, and at the fa-

cility with which a friendly parley took place, when he expected nothing less, from the unaccountable and hostile appearance of his foe, than that of being cut instantly, and without pity or mercy, into pieces, could only be rivalled by the admiration which his relating the story excited in his countrymen.

#### An EXTRACT from a POEM,

By Peter Pindar.

**A** Gentleman possess'd a fav'rite spaniel, That never treated maid, nor man ill: This dog, of whom we cannot too much say, Got from his godfather the name of Tray.

After ten years service just, Tray, like the race of mortals, sought the dust: That is to say, the spaniel dy'd:

A coffin then was order'd to be made, The dog was in the church-yard laid, And o'er his pale remains the master cry'd,

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend, And willing to commemorate his end, He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial, And weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

##### TRAY'S EPITAPH.

Here rest the relics of a friend below, Blest with more sense than half the folks I know; Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone, He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone: Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way— Blush, christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

#### From the Delaware Gazette.

Messrs. BRYNBERG and ANDREWS, Please to insert the following melancholy account in your paper, and you will oblige your humble servant, &c. I. D.

**O**N Saturday, the 18th of February last, my wife and self having retired to rest earlier than usual, on account of being up late the night before, had fell sound to sleep. About 9 o'clock at night we were alarmed by the cry of FIRE! delivered at the door of the dwelling house, by two black men, who were passing by. I ran out, and to my great surprise, saw our cook-house or kitchen in a flame of fire; the roof and upper floor then fell in. The house was 20 by 15 feet, well finished, and occupied as a loom and work house for the female department, wherein was a considerable quantity of such furniture, all our black people's bedding and clothing except what they had on, and all the kitchen furniture, some corn in the loft, new saddle, and sundry other useful and valuable things.—How the fire took is unaccounted for: the blacks being four in number (the eldest about 18 years old) had left the house after we laid down, without leave, and not returned before the fire, we expected they had perished in the flames, but they luckily returned home in the morning. The wind setting partly on the dwelling house, which was saved not by any exertion on our part (every vessel to convey water being in the ruins, larger than a small pitcher) but by the hand of Providence.

On Saturday the 12th of May, the evening being warm, and something gusty, my wife and self went to rest about eight o'clock, and after some time fell asleep, the wind blew hard, and coming rainy, my wife awoke from sleep, and layed some time much distressed as she informed me, by the frequent flashes of lightning and sounding of thunder, while at length it was God's will to direct his shafts of lightning to the dwelling house where we lay; the report shocking and alarming, and seemed to shake the foundation all around,

beating the ware from the beaufets and bursting to atoms the windows up stairs, together with a strong sulphurous smell of the air, caused me to awake; the first sensation I remember, was my wife clasping me in her arms, and crying out to the Lord for mercy. I loosed her arms, and ran up stairs, and found the passage almost filled up with combustibles of brick from the chimney, mortar from the ceiling, and timber from the roof or weather boarding of the house.

I proceeded to the door that let into the garret, and found the same beat in, the floor and the roof all in a flame of fire. I immediately ran down and told my wife to escape for her life, and then ran out and alarmed the black people (being the same mentioned in the above account) and the oldest lad and myself ran up stairs, and threw what we could of our goods out at a window; but the wind blowing hard, and the air having free circulation from the top of the house to the foundation, and the outside of the house made of cedar, caused the fire to rush on with such violence, that I believe in two minutes from the time we began to work, and in four from the time of the shock, we had to leave the chambers. Our escape was truly dangerous, as the fire was then pouring through the ceiling, and gathering in the stair way, which caused the aforesaid lad to miss his way down, but making a second attempt, fortunately escaped.

I was at work in the back room, more remote from the fire, and when I saw the danger of getting down the stair way, I thought of leaping from the window; but after some struggle of mind, determined to try the stair way, which I effected without hurt, more than my feet being much cut by the glass lying on the floor. We threw what we could out below, and my wife and three small blacks, carried the goods out of the reach of the fire, but in four or five minutes we had to give possession to the flames below stairs, leaving many things to perish with the house, which I believe was burned to the foundation in one hour from the shock. The house was new, 28 feet long, and 8 feet and a half wide, two stories high, with three rooms on the upper floor, and two below well built and finished off.

I believe the lightning first struck the top of the chimney, beating off about two feet, and splitting the funnel in two places some feet lower down. Its course after leaving the chimney, seems to have been too different quarters, as each side of the house about the eaves of the same, together with the gable end, was carried away, and large pieces of the roof containing part of several courses of shingles together, was beat off, one of the corner posts split to pieces and carried some distance, one garden post and pannel of paling was much split, and the roof I think was chiefly beat in on the upper floor, as the whole roof seemed to take fire at the same time. The shock reached our well, which was about 50 feet from the said chimney, striking the top of the hand pole, and taking a piece of the same before it, down to the bucket—which ends the description of a scene, which leaves me to regret a loss at least of 400l. and my family in one sense, out of doors—a scene that will draw sympathy from every feeling breast.

We have great reason to be thankful that our lives were spared in such a singular manner, and for the resignation we have experienced on this occasion; and are comforted in this, that as many as the Lord loveth, he rebuketh and chasteneth: knowing of a truth, that it was his beloved voice knocking at our door.

ISAAC DAVIS.

Mispillion Hundred, Kent county,  
and state of Delaware.

## NEW-YORK, June 2.

State of the Poll for the Election of Governor and Lieutenant Governor in the Counties that have been canvassed.

Counties.	Clinton.	Jay.	V. Corlandt.	Rensselaer.
Suffolk.	481	228	521	141
Queens.	532	288	363	195
Kings.	244	92	254	80
New-York.	603	739	618	652
Westchester.	347	824	453	695
Richmond.	106	4	105	3
Total.	2313	2175	2304	1766
Majority.	138		532	

State of the Polls for the Election of Assemblymen in the City and County of New-York, 1792.

Number of Electors.	
John Watts.	2516
William S. Livingston.	1217
John Delancey.	1137
John Wylley.	996
Josiah O. Hoffman.	989
William W. Gilbert.	796
William Cook.	770
William Pitt Smith.	712
Nicholas Cruger.	676
Samuel Osgood.	658
James Watton.	579
Melancton Smith.	424
Theophilus Beekman.	408
Morgan Lewis.	397
Daniel Hitchcock.	323
James M. Hughes.	295
William Denning.	278
Anthony Post.	270
Ebenezer Young.	264
Henry Will.	223
Jeremiah Wool.	201
John Campbell.	179
Nicholas Carmer.	136
William Hopson.	83
James Robinson.	78
William Duer.	3
Isaac Whippo.	1

The first seven gentlemen on the list were duly elected.

Petersburg, May 17—Several alarming accounts have been received in this town, of a very dangerous insurrection among the negroes, on the Eastern shore of Virginia; the particulars of which we have not been able to obtain: Reports state, that about two weeks ago, the negroes in that part of the state, to the amount of about 900, assembled in different parties, armed with muskets, spears, clubs, &c. and committed several outrages upon the inhabitants. A favorite servant of Colonel Savage, who had joined them, met his master on the road, took his horse and some money from him, and treated him in a very inhuman manner.—Caleb, a negro, the property of Mr. Simpkins, was to command this banditti; he was also a favorite servant of his master, and had long lived with him in the capacity of an overseer. A barrel of musket balls, about 300 spears, some some guns, powder, provisions, &c. have already been discovered and taken; the spears, it is said, were made by a negro blacksmith on the Eastern shore. A considerable number of negroes have been taken, and it is expected will be hanged. The militia have turned out, and are obliged to keep constant guard.

It appears, by a letter which has been lately discovered in Norfolk, from one of the negroes on the Eastern shore, that they had concerted a plan with the negroes about Norfolk and Portsmouth, to commit some violent outrages in and

about those two towns.—The letter states, that 600 of them were to cross over the bay, at a certain time in the night, and when they arrived at these towns, they were to be joined by the negroes in that neighbourhood.—They then meant to blow up the magazine at Norfolk, and massacre the inhabitants.

Since the discovery of this letter, a guard of fifty men, in each of the towns of Norfolk and Portsmouth, has been regularly kept up: several negroes have been taken up on suspicion, and lodged in gaol, and a number of guns have been discovered concealed under houses and other secret places, all loaded, most of which were English muskets with fixed bayonets. It is hoped that a timely check will be given to this alarming outrage.

The present ungarded situation of our country renders the above circumstance more particularly interesting, and it is hoped will be a means of urging our rulers to make some speedy and effectual provision for arming and organizing the militia, which for three years past has been most shamefully neglected and has left us almost destitute of every means of defence.

## MARRIED

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kunze, Mr. CHRISTIAN BAEHR, to Miss CATHARINE MOORE, daughter of Mr. Blase Moore, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Captain JONATHAN PROVOST, of Bulwark, Long-Island, to Mrs. ANN DAYTON, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. JOSHUA WERTS, to Miss CATHARINE CROLIUS, both of this city.

On Monday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. JOHN TEN EYCK, of this city to the amiable and most accomplished Miss MARY FOWLE, daughter of David Fowler, deceased, late of Flushing, Long-Island.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. JOHN MELBROM, to Miss PEGGY GURVIN, both of this City.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. NATHANIEL STOCKWELL, to Miss BETSEY MOFFAT, both of this city.

"Sound to Marriage, sound the strain!  
Long may Love and Marriage reign!  
The supremest bliss in life,  
Is the kind, the virtuous Wife."

## DIED

On Friday evening the 25th ult. Mr. ABRAHAM BROWER, aged 75 years—long a respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Jamaica, Long-Island, on Saturday last, sincerely regretted by all who knew him, Mr. STEPHEN HERRIMAN—He was unfortunately thrown from a chair, on the 18th ult. and fractured his leg of which he died.

On the 5th of September last, at New-Orleans, after an illness of only four days, Mr. GEORGE RIERSON, son of Mr. Cornelius Rierison of Flushing, Long-Island.

## NOTICE.

A Quarterly meeting of the general society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, of the City of New-York, will be held on Wednesday next, the 6th inst. at 8 o'clock P. M.

June 2d. JOHN ELSWORTH, Sec'y.

Journeymen Taylors Wanted,  
GOOD encouragement will be given to work men, by *Caleb Hawiland*, 13, Goldenhill-street,

## The COURT of APOLLO.

The TAR for all WEATHERS.

A FAVORITE SONG, by Mr. Dibdin.

**I** Sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,  
My jib how it smack'd thro' the breeze,  
She's a vessel as tight as my fancy  
As ever sail'd on the salt seas;  
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,  
Our girls and our dear native shore,  
For if some hard rock we should split on,  
We shall never see them any more;  
But sailors were born for all weathers,  
Great guns let it blow high blow low,  
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we entered the Gut of Gibraltar,  
I verily thought she'd have sunk:  
For, the wind so began for to alter,  
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk:  
The squall tore the main-sail to shivers,  
Helm a weather, the hoarse Boatwain cries,  
Brace the fore-sail at war!—see the quivers,  
As through the rough tempest she flies.  
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,  
As black just as pitch was the sky,  
When truly a doleful disaster  
Beset three poor sailors and I;  
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud and Dick Handfail,  
By a blast that came furious and hard,  
Just while we were furling the main-sail,  
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.  
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick cried Peccavi,  
As for I, at the risk of my neck,  
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,  
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.  
Well, what wou'd you have? we were stranded,  
And out of a fine jolly crew  
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed  
But I, and (I think) twenty two,  
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,  
Another guerdon way fat the wind:  
For to England I came, and got married  
To a lass that was comely and kind.  
But whether for joy or vexation,  
We know not for what we were born,  
Perhaps I may find a kind station,  
Perhaps I may touch at Cape-Horn.  
But sailors, &c.

## LIVERY STABLES.

**T**HE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has furnished himself with two convenient stables, (the one in Slope-Lane, in the rear of the Bank, Hanover-Square; the other No. 1, Berkly-Street, opposite to Messrs. Charles and James Warrens,) for the reception of Horses and Carriages by the day, week, month or year, at the very lowest prices. He has at the above stables, elegant Saddle and carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddles Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate as any in this city. Wm. WELLS.

New-York, September 3. 1791.

N. B. At the above stables Gentlemen may have their horses nicked in the newest and best manner, and may depend upon having the strictest attention paid them, as he has procured hands solely for that purpose.

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## THE MORALIST.

No man ought to avoid the character of a flatterer so, as to become a brutish man.

**I** See but too many men, who to avoid an excess, run into another: how difficult is it to keep a just medium! It is a good thing not to flatter vice; but it is an ill thing to be always unwilling to praise virtue. Whoever refuses to applaud virtue, seems to disapprove it, or at least gives occasion to think, that he is tormented with envy or jealousy against those, whose actions he will never approve, though they be never so worthy of approbation. Men are commonly willing to censure those whom they have so much ado to praise; and therefore, all those, who out of an affected niceness of conscience, will never praise any body, are commonly insupportable in the commerce of the world.

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## EDUCATION.

**T**HE parents and guardians of youth, are respectfully informed, that the school for the education of young gentlemen, now kept by the subscriber, at No. 34, Fair-street, will on the first of May next, be removed to a commodious and airy room, No. 6, Beekman-street—In which will be taught, reading, writing, and arithmetic; the English language grammatically, together with the elements of the Greek and Latin languages. They will also be taught speaking, in an articulate easy, and graceful manner.

He takes this opportunity to return his sincere thanks to his patrons and employers, and hopes by his assiduity and attention in some measure to promote the interest of literature, and merit the approbation and patronage of the public.

April 14.

PETER HAWES.

Mr. ELY respectfully informs the public that the school, for young ladies which is now kept at Harmony Hall, No. 8, Gold Street, will, on the first day of May next, be removed to No. 6 Beekman Street, where young ladies will be instructed in all the most useful branches of English education. Knowing that the continuation of favours depends on the progress of his pupils, he assures the parents and guardians of youth, that no pains shall be wanting on his part to render his employers full satisfaction.

A morning school will be kept at the above place.

\* \* The above mentioned schools, tho' taught in the same building, will still be kept in separate apartments; experience having convinced the instructors that the different tempers and dispositions require as different treatment; and the amusements and manners of the one being entirely unbecoming in the other, they esteem it highly improper for the youth of the different sexes to be promiscuously taught in the same school.

April 14.

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BARROW AND OGILVIE,

No. 7, Wall Street, near Federal Hall,

**R**ETURN their sincere thanks for the encouragement they have received from their friends and the public in general, and hope, by their attention, to merit a continuance.

Coaches and Chairs elegantly painted and gilt in the newest and most approved taste. House, Ship, and sign painting performed in the neatest and best manner, and on the most reasonable terms. Pictures and Prints framed and glazed.

They flatter themselves they are capable of giving full satisfaction to all those who may honour them with their employment.

New-York, May 19, 1792.

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## SKINNER, SURGEON DENTIST,

**R**ESPECTFULLY informs the public, he has removed to No. 56, corner of Beekman and William-streets, where he will with pleasure receive the orders of those Ladies and Gentlemen who please to honour him with their commands.

Mr. SKINNER embraces this opportunity of expressing his gratitude for the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profession, and hopes by a constant exertion of his abilities, and a studious endeavour to please, to merit every favor; he performs every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums, and can furnish even those who have been so unfortunate as to lose the whole of their teeth, with any number from a single tooth to a complete whole set. He hopes to avoid imputation, when with confidence he asserts his ability to effect a permanent cure in a few minutes for the most excruciating pain proceeding from carious teeth, without extracting them.

Mr. SKINNER substitutes Artificial Eyes in such a manner, as to hide the deformity occasioned by the loss of an eye, and which cannot be distinguished by strict inspection from the natural eye. He demands no fee for performing any operation, unless it equals the most sanguine expectations.

SKINNER'S Denture Powder and Tincture for whitening and preserving the Teeth from decay, and eradicating the Scum in the Gums; sold by appointment at the respected Medicinal Store of Messrs. Lawrence & Livezey, Queen Street, Messrs. Wainwright & Caldwell, Apothecaries, Hanover Square, and by the Proprietor: price 2/6 each, or 24/- per dozen.

Mr. SKINNER has just received from London, a quantity of the celebrated Ruspini's Styptic for stopping violent Hemorrhages or bleeding; the virtues of this well known Medicine are such as need no recommendation, trial will prove its astonishing efficacy.

May 19.

## CASTELLI,

**I**TALIAN STAY-MAKER, just arrived from Paris, has removed from No. 23, Water-street, opposite the Coffee-House, to No. 70, Broadway, opposite the City Tavern, returns his sincere thanks to the ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours by due attention, and the strictest punctuality. He continues to make all sorts of stays, Italian shapes, French Corset English stays, Turn stays, Suckling stays, Riding stays and all sorts of dresses, in the most elegant and newest fashion. Feb. 21. 98.

N. B. Wanted, one or two young girls, of good character, as apprentices to the above business.

## MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.

At the City Tavern.

**T**HE Public will please to take notice that the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, have altered the hour of starting, from three o'clock in the afternoon, to twenty minutes after eight o'clock in the morning: This stage admits but seven seats, and leaves Powles Hook on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings, and at 4 o'clock, on every Friday afternoon: All application for seats in this stage must be made to JAMES CARR, at the office.

Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of expresses, extra stages, &c.

Fare of a passenger, 4 dols.

150 wt of baggage, 4 dols.

Feb. 18. J. M. CUMMINGS, & Co.

## PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable, as any in this City.